

The most lamentable Tragedie

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,  
The selfe same Gods that arme the Queene of Troy  
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge  
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,  
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,  
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)  
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Lucius.* See Lord and father how we haue performd  
Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,  
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,  
VVhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,  
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,  
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

*Titus.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*  
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

*Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.*

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,  
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:  
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,  
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,  
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,  
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

*Enter Lavinia.*

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,  
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:  
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,  
I render for my brethrens obsequies:  
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy  
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome,  
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes *Romes* best Cittizens applaud.

*Titus.* Kind Rome, that hast thus louingly referude

of *Titus*

The cordiall of mine age to  
*Lavinia* liue, out liue thy Fa  
And Fames eternall date for

*Marcus.* Long liue Lor  
Gracious triumpher in the e  
*Titus.* Thankes gentle T

*Marcus.* And welcome

You that suruiue, and you th  
Fairst Lords, your fortunes a  
That in your Countries seru  
But safer triumph is this fun  
That hath aspired to *Solons* l  
And triumphs ouer chaunce

*Titus Andronicus*, the peop  
Whose friend in iustice thou  
Send thee by mee their Trib  
This Palliament of white an  
And name thee in election f  
With these our late deceased  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put  
And helpe to set a head on h

*Titus.* A better head her g  
Than his that shakes for age  
What should I don this Roa  
Be chosen with Proclamation  
To morrow yeeld vp rule, re  
And set abroad new busines  
Rome I haue beene thy soule  
And led my Countries stren  
And buried one and twentie  
Knighted in Field, slaine mar  
In right and seruice of their n  
Giue me a staffe of Honour f  
But not a scepter to controul

The